



# MONTEREY NEWS

FEBRUARY 1989



## TOWN NEWS

### Southern Berkshire Regional School District Proposes Major New Construction

School officials, School Committee and Building Committee members, and representatives of Tessier Associates met with interested Monterey residents in the Monterey Firehouse, Saturday, January 21, to present and discuss plans for major improvements and additions to buildings of the Southern Berkshire Regional School District.

Residents were presented with two options. The first, unanimously endorsed by the School Committee, was a 25 million dollar bond issue which will pay for construction of a new high school building on the Mt. Everett campus and renovation of the existing Mt. Everett building for use by elementary students. The second option, to be implemented only if voters reject the first and described as "piecemeal" by Superintendent Tom Consolati, was a 4 million dollar project involving renovation of the aging and inadequate elementary building at Sheffield Center as well as upgrading and renovation of the physical plant at Mt. Everett campus.

The combined renovation and construction project will receive up to 63% state reimbursement, whereas the renovation of Sheffield Center and Mt. Everett buildings will receive little or none.

No engineer, architect or state agency has recommended that work be done on the aging and inadequate 94-year-old building at Sheffield Center. Although the 4 million dollar renovation would correct a raft of structural problems, it would not provide an auditorium, art and music rooms, a library, meeting rooms, a nurse's office, a computer room or a laboratory, none of which exist there now. Six portable classrooms would be leased (at \$30,000 per year) to increase the present nine to the needed 15 rooms. The remainder of the money would go for the most needed improvements at Mt. Everett: roof repair, insulation, asbestos removal, driveway resurfacing, and science lab updates. These measures would be accomplished over a three-year period, and Superintendent Consolati said, "We will probably be back in three years, asking for another 4 million."

Enrollment in preschool to twelfth grade is expected to increase from 1,047 to 1,150 by 1997. All facilities in the school district are being outgrown both by programs and population.

The 25 million dollar project, in addition to providing elementary and high school education on one campus, includes playing fields, playgrounds, improved insulation, separate entrances and recreational space for younger and older students, expanded cafeteria, gym and meeting space, an auditorium, larger library, music and arts space, and larger shop/



Skating on the Lake



technical education spaces. The square footage of the building will be increased from the present 70,000 to 78,000 for the elementary program and 124,000 for the high school program.

The architects and engineers of Tessier Associates worked with school officials and parent committees in what they called the "most pleasurable and exciting work we've ever done as architects" to produce an innovative and inviting school building, where pedestrian traffic is routed by the libraries for "subliminal reinforcement," where many classrooms open directly into the out-of-doors, and where efficiency of operation is carefully addressed in such ways as alignment of kitchen with cafeterias, music room with auditorium stage and home ec and shop space with delivery entrances.

Members of the Building Committee prepared a chart which enables Monterey taxpayers to gauge the impact of each option on their annual tax bills.

The figures in the comparison chart are approximate, being based on numbers that vary from day to day. The 25 million dollar project cost will be borrowed in its entirety. It will be paid back over 20 years (with the annual cost to member towns remaining the same each year). The 4 million dollar renovation project will be financed over a period of ten years, with the impact on the tax rate decreasing each year. Monterey's rate impact will be about \$1.43 per thousand.

Property Value	25 million dollar project	4 million dollar project
\$ 50,000	\$ 74 per year	\$ 55 per year
\$100,000	\$148 per year	\$110 per year
\$150,000	\$222 per year	\$165 per year

An individual can calculate approximate amount to be assessed, over and above what the taxes are now by multiplying the number of thousands in his or her assessed value by \$1.43.

It should be noted that the above calculations do not take into account the reimbursement of planning costs, which will be deducted from Monterey's assessment in the year received. Planning costs are fully reimbursable by the state. Monterey has the option of using available funds from its Stabilization Fund with matching funds from the state to reduce the impact

of a bond issue on the tax rate.

The 40 or so residents who attended the meeting asked questions ranging from the nature of amenities like lighting and the size of the art room to the realities of funding. Tom Consolati advised the group that legislation for the 63% contribution by the state expires in September 1990. He also spoke of economies produced by the consolidation of elementary with high school, such as combined operating costs and reduced busing costs.

It is planned, if consolidation is approved, that the Sheffield Center Building will revert in ownership to the Town of Sheffield. The Monterey, Egremont and Alford school buildings will continue to be used, as will the Mill River school.

Similar informational meetings are scheduled for February 2, 7:00 p.m., Alford Town Hall, and February 8, 7:30 p.m., Mt. Everett Cafeteria. The Mt. Everett Meeting is districtwide and will feature expanded drawings, slides and plans by Tessier Associates. There will be an Open Line Talk Show on Radio Station WSBS on February 8 at 9:00 a.m.

Monterey will have a Special Town Meeting to vote on the 25 million dollar project on February 15, 7:30 p.m., Monterey firehouse. Despite the efforts of Selectman Rick Mielke to provide opportunity for absentee ballot vote, the vote will be by voice as originally legislated by member towns during the formation of the school district.

All member towns in the school district will vote on the issue on February 15, and all must pass the measure if it is to be a reality.

Two other items on the warrant at the February 15 Special Town Meeting will ask residents to vote to prohibit motorized boats (except fishing boats) and motorized augurs on Lake Buel before 8 a.m. without permission from the Lake Buel Restoration District. There will be a request for a transfer of \$403.71 from available funds to pay interest owed Tenneco, Inc., for tax abatements issued from 1982 to 1985.

— Ellen K. Pearson



At the meeting to discuss the proposed school: left to right, Doug Engebretsen of Tessier Associates; Mike Kinne, School District Business Administrator; Bob Tessier; Tom Consolati, Superintendent of Schools; John Dinan, Cory Loder, Peggy Kenyon (chair), Barbara Marchione, Margy Ohman, and (not shown) Evelyn Vallianos of the School Building Committee



VOTE YES ON FEBRUARY 15

I have been your School Committee representative to the Southern Berkshire Regional School District for the past six years. Monterey has always supported the budget for the district even when it was as high as 22%. I have always been encouraged by the town to vote for the educational needs of our children and hope I have carried out that responsibility well.

A few years ago when writing up the annual report to the town, I said the School Committee had given new meaning to the expression "doing more with less." The truth of it is, we have been doing more with the educational goals. It is reflected not only in raising standards within the school itself. It is also reflected from outside sources. Tessier Associates, the architectural firm hired for the new building/renovation project, said during the recent informational meeting in Monterey that they were impressed with the commitment for education found by them in working with the students, staff, administrators, School Building Committee, School Committee and parents alike. It was their experience that our involvement was far greater than that with most of the projects for which they have been hired.

Our district was selected as only one of six sites for the Carnegie grant from the whole Commonwealth. This program funds innovation in seeking new solutions to old problems. This too says something from outside the district about how "more" is happening educationally in our district.

But from a facility point of view we have had to continue doing "more" with "less" to the point that our goals can no longer be supported and even work against our efforts. Sitting on the School Committee has been somewhat like the dog chasing its own tail. We spend so much time moving people and equipment and programs around that our creative energies are used up just trying to survive and really getting nowhere faster over time. The gap between what is "more" and what is "less" is too great.

We can do some patching, but it doesn't bring us anywhere. We can spend some money just making do, but at the end of that process it is money gone and nothing given back in terms of progress.

A new building and a renovation is very expensive without question. But with this project we will be meeting "more" with "more." We will be moving ahead, not going in circles. A building can't educate, but it can incubate and help make happen all we would want for our children. It is an investment that will give us back much more than what we put into it.

I am very certain that this is a necessary and meaningful contribution to education: that we stretch so that our children can. I have been on the School Committee these past six years and have lived with the shortcomings and inadequacies and the negative impact they have. I have also been there long enough to know that this project will have a lasting and important contribution to our children's future.

— Cory Loder

CHURCH NEWS

Dear Friends:

On Sunday, January 22, we held our Annual Meeting after worship. This was my first opportunity to participate in this yearly event. Several significant actions occurred. The congregation elected two new deacons (Roy Hansen and Janice Aerie) and a trustee (Richard Tryon) each for three-year terms. They will join our other deacons (Mary Ward, Hedio Craven, David and Judy Bach) and trustees (Priscilla Gulliver and Raymond Ward) to form the nucleus of a "NEW" Parish Council.

I say "new" because the congregation also voted to adopt a revised structure for our church's committees. The revised format calls for the Parish Council to remain as the governing board of the church and accountable to the congregation. Under this new system each deacon will chair a standing church committee. The committees to be formed will be in the areas of worship, nurture, education, mission, stewardship and administration. A new property committee will be formed under the leadership of the trustees.

There was much discussion about the new format, accountability, membership, etc. It was noted by the clerk, Ray Ward, that this new structure maintained the spirit of the articles of the Church and our Congregational system. The vote to approve the new concept was unanimous.

The new structure will remain in effect until the articles have been rewritten and presented to the congregation this summer. During the next six months we'll monitor the progress of the new format and decide if additional revisions are necessary.

A leap of faith has been made by our church family. The willingness and trust of our members to make changes and plot a new course is a significant statement of our faith. The old Native American saying, "The journey of a hundred miles begins with the first step," is being lived out by our congregation. Stepping into the future is a risky pilgrimage into the unknown. And yet our closing song in worship Sunday states quite clearly how we journey together:

*Give me yours, I'm giving you mine.  
Let's walk hand in hand.  
Reach across dividing lines.  
Let's walk hand in hand.  
Together we can find the right direction.  
Boldly face each busy intersection;  
Smiling with a mutual affection,  
Sisters, brothers forming new relations,  
We'll walk hand in hand.*

Grace and Peace  
Cliff Aerie

P. S. Our worship returns to the upstairs sanctuary on February 12, the first Sunday in Lent.

CHRISTMAS EVE

*A million points of diamond fire, like nails,  
Pierce the great arch, until the trance eye fails;  
Seeking the quiet street where snow lies white —  
Soft, soft in shadow, enfolded in the night.*

— Dorothy E. Law



To the Editor:

I'm writing to say how grateful I am to the Park Commission and the Fire Company for putting together our town skating rink. I wasn't even sure I'd be able to find my skates, but when Fran Amidon called to see if one of us could go "monitor" on Opening Day, we made a mad search and found several ancient blades; they came out of the closet blinking at the first light of day in decades.

Now we've all been skating many times. It's the first time for our children, and for me it's a flashback to my teen-aged years. I especially like the "town well" feeling I get there at the rink, bumping into neighbors (gently), leaning against the sideboards to gab while we watch our kids skating.

As I write this, Monterey is in the drippy grip of a January thaw. But I've lived here long enough to be confident of another freeze-up, and I'll be back on the ice, flashing around and around the Steak Roast Pavilion with my friends and neighbors.

Thanks again!

Bonner McAllester

## ERIC PEDERSEN

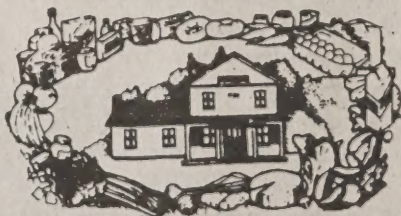
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## PARK COMMISSION

The Park Commission proudly presents a skating rink of the highest caliber!

Monitored hours are:

Mon.-Fri. — 3-5 p.m.

Mon. — 6-8 p.m.

Sat.-Sun. — 10 a.m.-4 p.m.

Hockey — Adult: Wed. and Fri., 7-9 p.m.

Children's — Sun., 9-10:30 a.m.

Adults may skate at other times by permission of the Park Commission.

Volunteers are needed to fill out the schedule for monitoring in two-hour stretches.

—are also needed to assist in ice maintenance evenings.

—with expertise in skating who might teach are needed, too.

A sign-up sheet: please list your preferred time and job.

Please: sign a waiver at the rink for our records

sign in every time you skate

children under 12 bring an adult with you

skating must move counterclockwise.

No: unauthorized hockey (times will be posted); soft hockey pucks only

alcohol, food on the ice, aggressive body contact

Hockey is under the direction of Jim Thomas and John

Humphrey. Our Rink-Master is Jim Humphrey, who is in charge of *ice management*. He was in charge of a rink in New Hampshire and comes to us experienced. He and Lanny Lanou even made a Zamone to professionally clean and float the ice every night. Monitor Queens are Linda Gero and Kathy Tillett, who schedule the monitors and take care of many other details. Our head carpenter is Tom Gillis.

A blackboard will apprise skaters of any change in schedule or condition of ice. A bulletin board will keep you posted on any new development. A swap sheet will be posted for those who need skates or have some to loan/give/swap — with size. Skates dull? Four Seasons sharpens them.

The skating rink has worked out with the blessing and cooperation of the Fire Company in their new pavilion, in back of the firehouse. We have *wanted* to make skating available to the town but ventures at Greene Park have ended in frustration. The inspiration of working it out at the Fire Company's pavilion seemed too good to be true! After several meetings with the firemen it appeared to be more than a possibility!

Dek Tillett and Tom Rosenthal and many volunteers have spent endless hours making the rink a reality! The first big job was putting up walls and laying the liner. Then the firemen came and flooded it (easier said than done). Trial and error and learning about ice led to success.

We opened the moment the ice was skatable but before we were really organized — so please be patient as we scramble to keep up with the logistics of making it safely available to you as much as possible.

The enthusiastic reaction townwide is especially exciting, young and old alike — some dragging skates out of moth balls and others buying new ones. The working together of two Town groups is a good feeling, and here is a great opportunity for residents to get together — in the winter yet — as either participants or spectators.

— Fran Amidon





*Elizabeth Hoogs and friend*



*Roger Tryon and Emma Kales*

## Fire Company Skating Rink

Photos by Susan McAllester



*Michael Bynack*



*Barbara Tryon and Cynthia Hoogs*



## MONTEREY WASTELINES

### Shooting For The Big One-Third

Sometime we'll sit around the pot-bellied stove and fuss about all these laws we have to have now-a-days. But I don't have time this morning.

Let me tell you about a law which, if we have to have them, is one of those laws which shoots at the target of a real current issue. Massachusetts House Bill #5775 (hang on for a new, 1989 session number on it) was recently filed to take aim at the one third of all landfilled garbage which comes from the wrapping, rolling, strangling and pretty-fying of almost everything we buy.

Let's admit right away that many products *do* need protection from shock or spillage and that sort of thing. But several things have conspired over the years to transform packaging into a monster which now threatens our quality of life instead of enhancing it.

The psychology of selling has increasingly gained a hand in the packaging industry, playing to our senses and vanities in getting us to buy certain products and specific brands. False bottoms and long tops on containers are patent throw-aways; the shiniest, neatest-looking wrappings are almost by definition those which are harder to break down in the environment.

Our pervasive fetish on sanitation and cleanliness in this country is also a factor. I hope it's not a call to dirt and uncleanness to observe that Europeans, for example, are much less apt to wrap food products in four layers of impenetrable plastic *ex factorium*. When I lived in Brussels, I could routinely get cheeses dipped right out of the brine into my shopping bag.

Our lifestyle of quick, small portions requiring more packaging is at some points dear to each of us. I don't think many people are asking to turn it completely around. The changes which are desperately needed are for moderation of a trend which has gone too far, for more returnable or otherwise recyclable packaging and, most importantly, for the wiser use of non-biodegradable plastics and polystyrene products.

The statehouse legislation I mentioned is co-sponsored by Representative Chris Hodgkins. The bill would impose originating fees on product packaging except for those made of recycled material, or for those needing special care such as protection against tampering.

There will be opposition to the idea of packaging regulation. If a bill is passed, there will be growing pains in developing new procedures. But the need is obvious to many people, and this proposal in the Massachusetts legislature could be as significant to the environment as the Oregon bottle bill of the last decade.

— Wayne Burkhart

## MONTEREY GRANGE

The regular meeting of Monterey Grange No. 291 was held January 18, 1989: the theme of the program was The New Year. The members are conducting a food-less food sale. Plans are under way for a public card party. The By-Laws Committee will meet at the Lecturer's home to revise the by-laws. The next meeting will be on February 15: it will be a regular meeting and Valentine program.

Faternally,  
Mary Wallace, Lecturer

## PERSONAL NOTES

Hearty congratulations to **Gary and Laurie Shaw** on the birth of their baby daughter, **Emily**, on December 22. Emily joins older brother **Andrew** at their Main Road home, and all is just fine. Cheers!

**Ken Greenfield** and family celebrated the New Year with a trip to Utah visiting friends, relaxing, and doing some cross-country skiing (one could feel just a twinge of jealousy — maybe a Monterey Snow Dance is in order!). Anyway, we're glad they had a wonderful trip.

**Dick and Barbara Tryon** are back at Lowland Farm after a trip to Texas and New Mexico. They loved Santa Fe and Taos, the lovely adobe homes and the colors. We're glad to see them back!

We regret that our friend **Eric Craven** has been under the weather and confined to his Art School Road home. Eric and **Hedy** would like to thank all the people who have called and helped out during his illness — they express *deep* appreciation. Let's hope we see you both out and about soon.

A round of applause to **Mark Makuc** for the wonderful job he does decorating the lovely tree on the library lawn during the holidays. It's such a pleasure to see all the lights in the town center, and so many people comment. It's delightful, Mark! Good job!

Very Happy Birthday wishes to **Fran Amidon** on December 31, New Year's Eve!, to **Julian Carlos Mendel** on January 13, **Bridget Luisa Mendel** on January 15, to **Jareka Dellenbaugh-Dempsey**, one year old on January 16, to Glen Amstead on January 24, and Pat Amstead on January 29.

And, we're so happy that **Dean Amidon** hit the slopes and felt pretty darned good in his ski legs — the first time out after his recent gallbladder surgery. Yea!

**Lisa Gelbard**, of Lake Garfield and White Plains, is a close friend of **Shannon Lee Amidon**, Dean and Fran's granddaughter, of Jonesboro, Louisiana. She is a frequent visitor in Monterey and spent Christmas break with Shannon in the South. Both are in their first year of college this year: Lisa at Tufts and Shannon at Louisiana Tech.

Please share your news items! Drop them by the General Store, or in the mail, Route 23, or give me a call, 528-4519, evenings. I do appreciate it!

— Stephanie Grotz

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## MONTEREY LIBRARY NOTES

This month, the library's third annual film series continues with Buster Keaton's *The General* on February 4, and *Some Like It Hot*, with Marilyn Monroe, Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis, on February 11. The last movie's title is especially appropriate to end a series designed to chase winter's doldrums away. Please come and enjoy the movies—it is always fun, and we have popcorn! 7:30 in the Library basement.

The library has received a grant from the Thornton Burgess Society of Sandwich on Cape Cod. The grant consists of several of Thornton Burgess' books for children on natural history, presented as animal stories. The library promoted the new collection in December with a contest for children, consisting of a draw for a copy of Burgess' *Old Mother West Wind*. The lucky winner of the book was Ms. Deirdre Higgins of Main Road, a student at the Monterey Kindergarten. Congratulations!

Perhaps I flatter myself that some of you might have noticed the absence of this column from the December *Monterey News*. (I thought I heard a collective sigh of relief when the *News* came out.) I was stuck in the hospital when I should have been writing, as some people in town know. While recovering from my operation, I read a lot of books, and quite a few of them were from the Monterey Library. It is nice to know that the library is there when it is really needed.

— John M. Higgins,  
Chairman, Library Trustees

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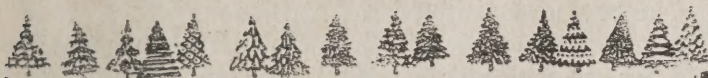
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# Monterey Preservation Land Trust

MONTEREY, MASSACHUSETTS 01245

January 1989

Dear Members and Friends:

The past year has been a busy one for the Monterey Preservation Land Trust. Your Trust has been able to preserve over 260 acres of land, nearly all of it agricultural.

Our biggest flurry of activity centered around the APR application for Woodburn Farm on Corashire Road. With the able assistance of George Wislocki and his staff at Berkshire Natural Resources Council the MPLT helped farmer Shel Fenn with the required appraisal and APR application. We also undertook a project which, at the time, was unique in the Commonwealth. With the backing of the selectmen, the Trust offered to raise the required matching funds of \$25,000, rather than request Town tax monies, which had been the course chosen by other APR applicants. Along with a benefit concert by Bill Crofut and the Mountain Laurel Band held at Rock Ridge in August, Land Trust board members took turns sitting on the porch of the Monterey Store with the Woodburn pledge board. Over 300 people eventually contributed, and the money was raised. The APR board was impressed, and Shel Fenn's application was unanimously approved. It was even suggested that Monterey's efforts become a model for other towns.

The farm itself consists of 200 acres of rolling fields and well-maintained forests of both hardwoods and softwoods and will be *farmed in perpetuity*.

In May your Trust was able to buy the conservation easement on 25 acres of land on West Tyringham Road. Bisected by Peppermint Brook, the land supports many mature oaks and sugar maples, *which will be allowed to remain* as the land is cleared for a small farm.

Our third accomplishment for this year was the preservation of two parcels of land on Barnum Flats. On the northerly side of Route 2, the Barnum house, barn and 30 acres is protected from any further development and has been sold to a local

farmer. On the southerly side of Route 23, twenty-four acres of fields and lowlands, bisected by Rawson Brook and the Konkapot River, provide Gould Farm with crops to feed their animals. This 24-acre parcel has been protected by a conservation easement by the owner, Shel Fenn. All this land sits on a large aquifer, and limiting development here is urgent in preserving our water quality.

The Monterey Land Trust is part of a growing network of town land trusts in Berkshire County. With the help of George Wislocki and the persistence and planning of MPLT board member Eric Roper, the MPLT has been active in fostering land trusts in neighboring towns. The New Marlborough Land Trust, which we launched in 1985, is now a flourishing organization and has been able to preserve important land in its community. This fall Eric hosted a gathering at his home for a group from Sheffield whom we hoped would be interested in forming a land trust. This same group then called together some thirty people from the Sheffield area. Members of our board attended this meeting and were much impressed by this very savvy group. All those invited agreed to be on the steering committee for the formation of a Sheffield land trust. They will have their first open meeting in a few weeks, and are sure to be a strong and successful operation.

We welcome your ideas and thank you for your past support. We look forward to working together and need your continued support for 1989. Our membership (for the year 1988 we topped 200) has to be renewed each year. It is a very important factor in our success, both for now and in the future. Please join, or rejoin.

Sincerely yours,

Roger Tryon, President  
Monterey Preservation Land Trust



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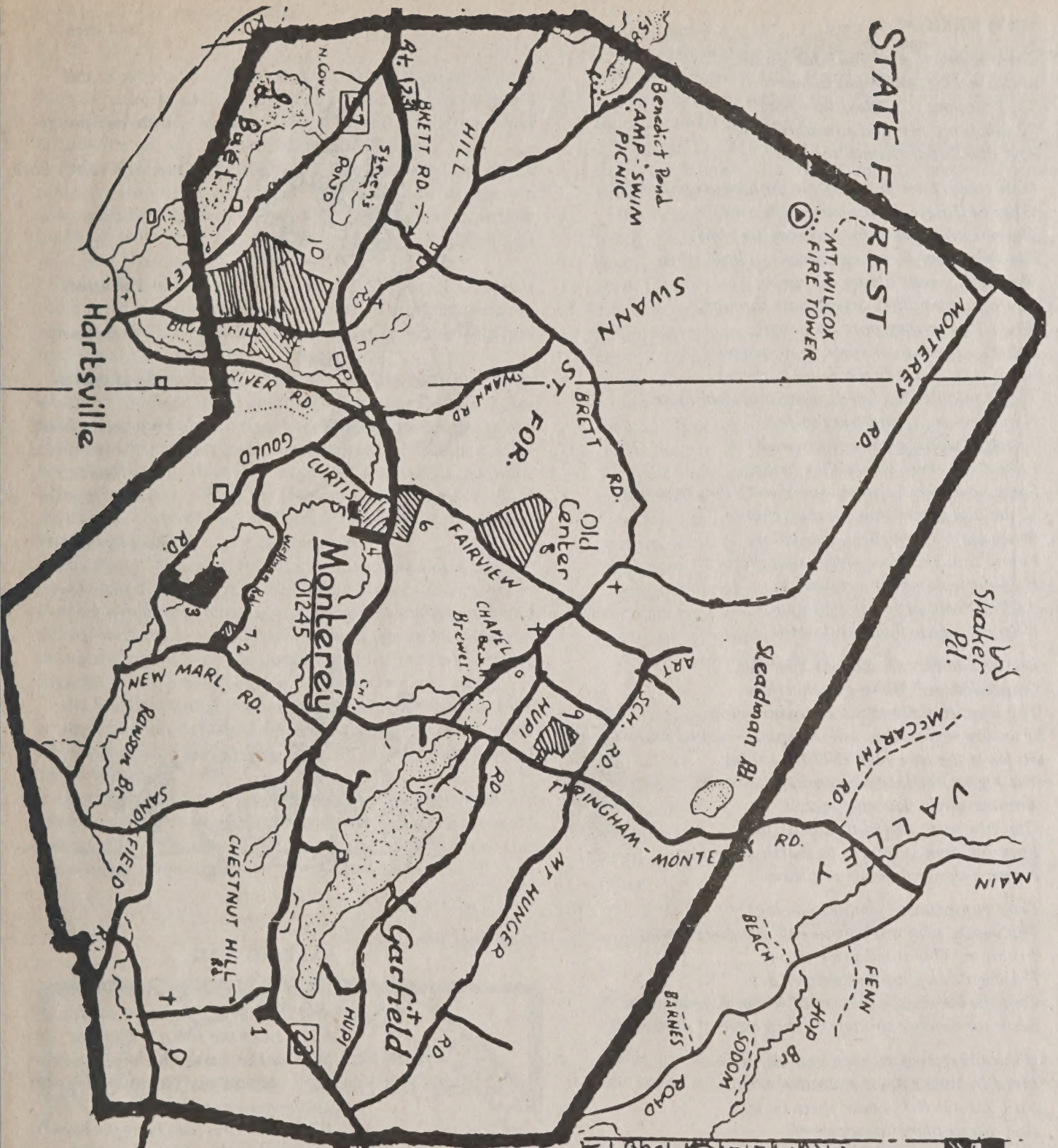


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11.5A	Brook	1986
3	Acres	1986
3	28A Brook	1986
4	10A River	1986
5	6A River	1988
6	21A Farm	1988
7	3A	1988
8	63A 2lots	1988
9	24A 1 lot	1988
10	200A Farm	APR 1988

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## WE'D BE GONE

There seems to me, much ink given  
to this debate which has arisen.  
So, I thought . . . "Hey, why not?"  
I'll pluck my pen and spread ink too,  
And dive headfirst into the glue.

Pond weeds have jumped from the lake to our minds;  
What beef have I with these little vines?  
The muskrats eat them and they feel fine.  
I've seen them there; sun, weeds, a little wine.  
Masses of weeds hinder no canoe;  
Heard, unseen, they let me pass through.  
When I swim they pose no danger,  
Softer, indeed, than straw in a manger.  
But if their tickle is too much to bear:  
To the middle! No weeds, deep and cool there.  
Homes to snails and trees to fish,  
To make weeds go is not my wish.  
I like them there where they belong,  
Some years they're weak, some years they're strong.  
In the idle games that we may choose,  
Beheaded by propellers, weeds lose.  
Funny though, those weeds that die  
Help grow more for you and I.  
And air from props as they spin,  
Help the weeds their battle win.

Winter comes, still the lake sparkles.  
Constellations? We've got chartfuls.  
The lake ice bellows, all dormant below.  
If we lower the lake, will the spiney-backed know?  
To leave the lake high is O.K., I think.  
The higher the lake, the grander the rink.  
Another angle you may recall;  
Our lake was created to quietly fall.  
From pristine to murk, to marsh then trees.  
Nature's design intends to please.

Petty complaints of motors a-clog;  
The weeds' own attempt to end our great smog.  
Irritation? One small price to pay  
For even one glorious summer day.  
Only the cul-du-sac people, of whom Bonner wrote,  
Seem terminably smitten by their vegetal mote.

If the Creator of Heaven and Earth  
Lived by man's laws, and other mirth;  
No food nor fish would there be left,  
Our sacred planet dead; bereft.

— Mickey Burns



Snowman

Stays still

Cute and plump

Cute little carrot nose

Cute

Valentines

Pretty heart

Send a letter

Very pretty heart

Heart

Brittany Piretti



## SAPPING TIME

When the nights are cold and nippy  
And the sun shines warm all day,  
Just before the robin red-breast  
Heralds the springtime on its way,  
Then we take our bits and bit-stocks  
To the maples tall and stout  
Where we bore, then hang the buckets  
As the sap drips from the spout.

Those good old towering maples  
That have for generations stood,  
Filling bucket after bucket,  
Yield a treat that's mighty good!  
When the maple sap is boiling  
Its aroma rises sweet.  
There's a joy in sapping season  
You will find that's hard to beat.

— Eleanor Kimberley



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

As a professional educator, I resent the implication that my lack of enthusiasm for a new high school building reflects a lack of support for quality education for the children of our school district, my own two children included.

My two biggest concerns, the long unsupervised bus ride to and from school (for my children 50 minutes, and for others in town over an hour, each way) and the quality of the classroom teaching, will not be addressed by spending \$25 million plus on a new facility in Sheffield.

The soft-spoken, persuasive sales pitch promotes the new building as a community activity center. I don't imagine too many people from Monterey will drive the 20 miles to Sheffield for recreational pursuits.

Last year at the regular Town meetings, the five towns voted on apportioning capital costs on a per student basis rather than on capital valuation as in the original provisions of the Regional District agreement. Sheffield, with 48% of the student body, was the only town that voted no. The result is that while Monterey has 11.17% of the student body, we pay 16.1% of the capital costs while Sheffield, with 48.1% of the student body, pays 30.51% of the capital costs.

To answer this point, the argument was presented that the 84-acre parcel has been off the Sheffield tax rolls all these years. Further discussion referring to the quicksand encountered during construction of the present high school building and the extruding ledge on the proposed site of the new building suggests that the 84-acre parcel is not prime real estate.

The Sheffield Center School situation is a problem requiring an urgent solution, but the far-reaching plan for Mt. Everett Regional High School seems to be an idea that got carried away with itself.

On February 15, at a special Town meeting, the voters are asked to decide on this issue affecting the future of our school district. Please keep in mind that a school building is not an educational program.

Sincerely,

Leslie Scutellaro

To the Editor:

Having moved from Monterey in 1934, you can imagine my surprise at receiving from friends (the Maxwells) who summer at Lake Garfield a copy of your December 1988 issue with pictures of the Center School.

On page 12, "Monterey Center School About 1930," I am front row, left side — Arnold Smith. My brothers Nathan and Bruce are in the next to top row.

I can't begin to tell you what wonderful memories this has brought back of those first ten years of my life — the stove in school where soup was served daily — sliding on the hill next to school — our house at the corner of the Sandisfield road — the stone house next to it which Dad built for my grandmother — fishing on the lake — the bait pond behind the Fargo place and the one-time Fargo & Smith store — the cookies and treats at Mame Benton's — playing with Dick Tryon and Billy Martin — and even my petrified recitation of "Lift up ye gates . . ." in the church pageant after which Santa came.

For the past 20 years Houston, Texas, has been our home. We have three grown sons and several grandchildren — but none as old as I was in your picture! Nathan and Bruce and their families live in Maine close to our summer home. Our parents, Russell and Ruby, are deceased, Dad in 1971 and Mother in 1986 at the age of 88.

And still the memories come — the golf course where I earned my first bicycle — the treasures of Miners' Store — and the great awe of silence in Mr. Abercrombie's library . . .

Again, many many thanks for the memories.

— Arnold R. Smith

To the Editor:

Question:

When is a Town Seal not the Town Seal?

Answer:

When a bogus design in technicolor appears on a new sign of illegal dimensions at the entrance of the Grange-Town office.

Question:

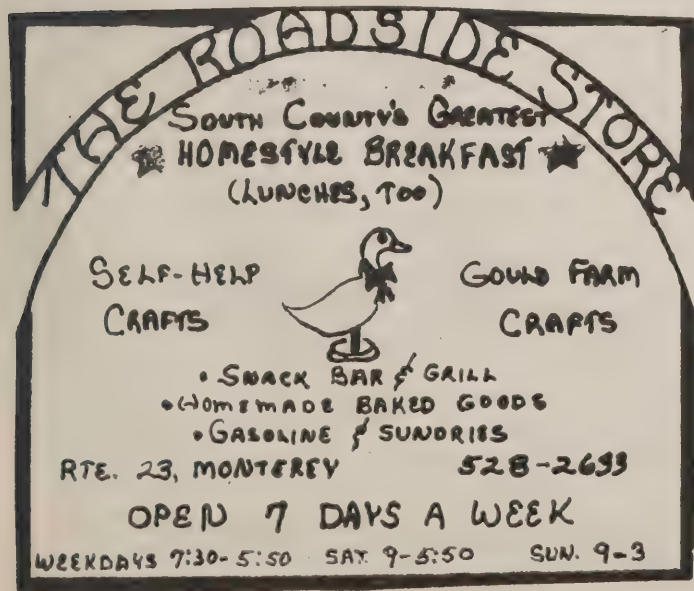
Why?

Answer:

We should all be glad the sign did not turn out to be Pink and Green.

For one resident, I do not choose to stare, glare and bear it, and I ask the Board of Selectmen to rectify this big flat error.

— Edith Wilson



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To the Editor:

Clearly, the management of Lake Garfield is one of the things we care most about, as evidenced by the number of letters published. And just as clearly, there are legitimate differences of opinion about what steps to take.

Is it really surprising that somebody disobediently opens the lake's dam gate, when it is widely perceived that the responsible Town officials acted high-handedly?

To resolve the predicament that results from differing opinions about lake management, we need, in addition to the caring we have in such abundance, a spirit of charity, generosity, community and moderation. These qualities were notably absent in Bonner J. McAllester's article, "Solstice Paradoxes," in the January issue. In that piece, we are subject yet again to another long presentation of her views, in which she most uncharitably describes those who differ from her idea of lake management as "a bunch of people, most of whom spend the winters in Florida [who] go 'yuck' at pond weeds."

This intemperate manner has no legitimate place in the resolution of a community problem—especially when it is uttered by one who holds an important Town position bearing on this resolution. I wish that Ms. McAllester would show her ability to adapt to her neighbors—even those who disagree with her—as gracefully as the animals about whom she writes so often and cares so much.

Sincerely,

Richard Westenburg

To the Editor:

In 1960, when my year-round house was built on the shore of Lake Garfield it was a dream come true. Now I could watch the moon shining a path of rippling water in summer, and see it rising over the ice in winter. Then came the deep drawdown with the purpose of killing the weeds. It succeeded in killing some weeds, but stronger ones grew in their stead. My garden of water-lilies has been permanently replaced by cattails, reeds hardy enough to withstand any amount of freezing. And for six months the view from my window was a field of mud, now and then mercifully covered with snow.

This year the lake was dropped only enough to prevent flooding in the spring. Now I am watching the return of life and activity in winter. During the holidays more than a dozen skaters came every day to enjoy the glassy surface of the ice. There were small people just learning and bigger ones with hockey sticks having spirited games, happily joined by two dogs who seemed to think the puck was for retrieving. They made admirable goalies. Babies snuggled up on sleds were pulled by skating parents, and sometimes small cars could be seen spinning around in induced skids.

What a foolish notion (held by some) it is that the lake is needed for recreation only two months in the summer. It has so much more to offer.

Today I watched the return of ice-fishermen, cutting holes and setting up their "tips." They used to build fires on the ice and sit around on camp stools waiting for the little flags to signal a bite.

Perhaps by some miracle I may hear again the "chug-a-rum" of a bullfrog in May, and see a turtle sunning itself on "Turtle Rock."

Sincerely,

Helen B. Shaw

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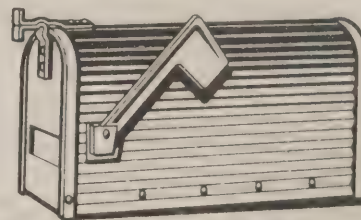
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To the Editor:

## ON THE ROAD AGAIN

I pulled out of Monterey October 10, pulling my little Toyota, and my three dogs and Katy the cat sitting beside me asking, "Where are we going now, Joan?" The first night in Hershey, PA, the second in Fredericksburg, VA. I stayed there, Martha and George's charming old town, for six days, making it my base. An hour north "in-and-around" Washington, DC, an hour southeast to Tappahannock, where our own Sue Moody White spends the winter. Across NC to the foothills of the Smokies, where the Stowells, of Monterey, met me for dinner. The next day we had lunch at their newly completed double home. (They live in one side of the house, and their son and family live in the other, sharing a laundry and a swimming pool . . . a neat plan.)

Down to FL. I had my camper "revamped" in Orlando, a brief visit to my "OTHER HOME," the Florida Keys, stored my little car with a friend and started out on our trek WEST. A long and too hurried trip. Left Orlando at 5:30 a.m. After 8½ hours of driving I was still in FL. Next day an hour to the AL border, another hour to the Miss. border. Two hours later I was in New Orleans, where I spent two lovely days.

Across the "swamp highway" of LA for six hours. Just before I crossed into TX, I stopped for a last delightful Cajun meal. It takes three days to cross TX. I stopped for Thanksgiving dinner with friends in San Antonio, and I stayed the night in Ft. Stockton, where I was marooned four years ago, while ice and snow built up on I-10. (They NEVER have snow!) I found the same drab park and talked to the same drab owner about "the terrible storm." The next day the wind was blowing hard. I waited around, but I had a deadline, so off we went. I couldn't make the car go over 50, heading into the wind. I got six miles per gallon! Dark and rainy going through El Paso, with I-10 being worked-on. Finally I was rid of DON'T MESS WITH TEXAS, and into NM, where I stopped for a welcome sleep. Next day to Tucson, AZ, making all sorts of dates for the car and me (RV repair, foot doctor, lube, etc.), then south for an hour and a half to my destination . . . the border town of Nogales. Border towns are always crummy, but I met some of my comrades, gathered there for our trip of 3½ months in Mexico.

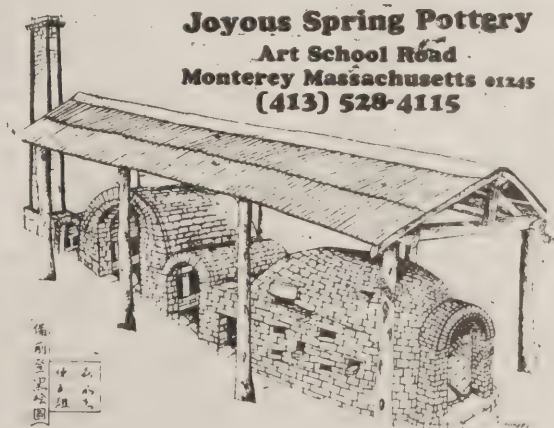
The next two days were frantic: sent my Christmas gifts home; called my broker, insurance agent . . . my son, and all my friends in Tucson and Phoenix whom I couldn't see; took out money on my Visa, changed it into pesos; back to Tucson; bought Mexican car insurance (very high, but you have to have it) bought K-Mart and Grand Union out . . . gifts for Mexican children, case of motor oil, octane to add to Mexican gas, horse-radish, 3½ months of dog and cat food, peanut butter, soft toilet paper, canned food. It took all night to store it in the camper, BUT come 8 a.m. on the first of December, I was all ready to go. We were 36 rigs. We were going to travel in three groups, 45 minutes apart. The wagonmaster, Charlie, got on hi CB: "We're going out. Call out your number in sequence on your CB. Start!" Then the line started to move. Off to the unknown Land of Mexico!

— Joan Reed



Woodpecker-stressed birch

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## ANIMAL AVERSION: PREJUDICE AND RACE HATRED

My daughter had a little metal pin on her winter hat. It was one of those inexpensive pins made in an Asian country, in this case painted and shaped like a cicada. It was pretty, but it bent easily, and one day it came off and got lost. On a hunch, I dropped into a local shop and asked the woman working there if she had any of "those little metal pins of insects."

"Oh, no. I'm sorry, we don't carry insects. We just have birds and butterflies."

To be fair, I have to say she said this with a smile, probably without judgment. But I am a touchy advocate of taxonomic accuracy and equal respect for all species, so I jumped right in and pontificated to this pleasant person for some time, and by the time I left she had it drummed into her that butterflies *are* insects. Although she did not promise to order cicadas right away, she did say, very politely, that she certainly gets some interesting people in her shop.

As I left I got to thinking about another story, this time from an old friend of mine who grew up in Jackson, Wyoming. His grade-school class was asked to go home and write a story about an animal. My friend wrote about a grasshopper, and when the teacher read it she said it was very nice but he hadn't learned to follow directions yet, had he, because she had said they must write about *animals*, not insects. Of course he protested, but it's hard to shake the convictions of a teacher, especially in front of the class.

It's hard to shake the convictions of anyone, anywhere, or even to keep convictions under control when polite social circumstances call for it. My own convictions are just as unruly as anyone's, and the other night they popped out at dinner, right in a restaurant, and muddled up the harmonious vibes for a few minutes.

Just before my convictions popped out, an animal popped out of the woodwork and made for the salad. It quickly mounted to the rim of the bowl, surveyed the lettuce, cucumber, and fresh pepper, and stepped daintily over a glob of gooey dressing.

"Aack," said someone. "There is a \_\_\_\_\_" (I'm not revealing the names of any of the species or individuals or even the restaurant here. Trying to make amends for my part in the conversation which followed.)

"Oh, no! A \_\_\_\_\_ in my salad. Horrible."

Me: "Whaddya mean? You got something against \_\_\_\_\_s? Come on, come right out and say it. I can see it in your face, anyway."

"Well, sure. Doesn't everyone? I mean, they are dirty and greasy and carry diseases, and besides they just remind me of . . . , oh, I don't know. They are repulsive."

Me: "Aha. They remind you of Oh, You Don't Know. You, like so many others, have linked the innocent, clean, non-greasy, non-disease carrying \_\_\_\_\_ to something murky in your unconscious. Another unfair Freudian connection. We

of the Anti-Animal Aversion Association have begun to combat this insidious, deep-rooted problem. We are marketing a line of tapes designed to de-program your prejudice. You can listen to them while you wash the dishes, or jog, or you can choose our subliminal series and get straightened out while you are sleeping.

"You yourself are best able to identify your problem species. Then you can order your tape. Just check the order form for: slugs, snakes, mosquitoes, bats, worms, jellyfish, earwigs, leeches or 'other.'"

My friends were overjoyed. They were not yet ready to eat the salad on which the \_\_\_\_\_ had walked, but they ordered their Learn To Love \_\_\_\_\_s tape, and they know that next time they will be spared that gross sensation you get when you know you are limiting your own life-experience with prejudice.

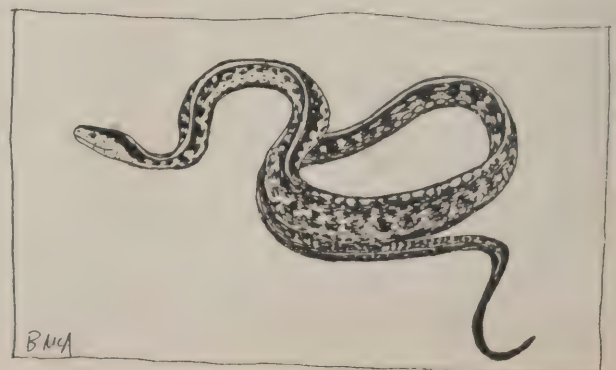
Come on, you may say. Everyone has some animal he or she can't stand. Don't be such a goody-goody all the time.

So okay. I search my inner self for animals that make me go ick, and as a matter of fact, I can come up with a couple. One is, I hope, nobody you know. The other, the one you really want to hear about, that belongs on our tape series right under "jellyfish," is moray eels. It used to be that whenever I saw a moray eel I experienced something of the ick or ack response. It was actually more like the help! response because I thought they were scary looking, and every time I encountered one (which was once, when I was 13 and we lived in Hawaii) I freaked out.

Because of my personal experience with morays, I have been chosen to create the Learn To Love Moray Eels tape for the AAAA. I have plugged the words "moray eel" into the theme song which goes, "How we love to snuggle, how we love to cuddle, me and my moray eel." The tape goes on to explain that the reason morays hang out in coral reefs with their heads protruding and their mouths hanging open all the time (showing those teeth) is that's the way they breathe, with their mouths open. The reason they have little pig eyes (excuse me, pigs) instead of big soulful puppy-dog ones (don't get puffed up, puppies) is that's the kind of eyes they were born with: little.

I'm just telling you all this so you'll know I'm human. Humans are animals, too, of course, and our tape series covers *all* the animals. So if right about now you are thinking you'd rather not go out to dinner with me because of a burgeoning ick response, maybe you should be the one to develop the tape on me. Just a suggestion. Remember, "How we love to snuggle, how we love to cuddle, me and my local Anti-Animal Aversion Association representative."

— Bonner J. McAllester





## A TRUE STORY

It happened in Monterey, a long time ago, to a man who had been appointed a deacon of the Monterey Church and to Henry Langdon, the owner of the village store. It was told to me when I was about fifteen by Ernest Hall, who was clerk in the store when it all happened.

Every Sunday morning when the church service was over, Mr. Langdon would open the store so that people could come in and get their mail or buy something they had overlooked during the week. At this time the deacon would come in, walk around back of the counter to a stone jar where was kept the prize tobacco in stock, fill his pipe and walk out without saying a word.

This bothered Henry but he did not know how to handle it. Ernest said, "Leave it to me, I'll fix him." Saturday came around and Ernest, who had not forgotten his promise, walked around the counter to the stone jar, took out the tobacco and put it in another container. He then took the stone jar down cellar where there was a barrel of blackjack (sticky!) molasses. Drawing the jar not quite full he carried it back upstairs and placed it in the same spot where he got it.

Sunday came. Henry opened the store as usual and in came the deacon. He walked around to where the stone jar was, knelt down, took off the cover and thrust his hand in to help himself to tobacco. The hand came out with a fistfull, up to the wrist, of sticky molasses. Not a word was spoken.

I don't believe the people of the church ever knew that a man they had appointed a deacon had been pilfering for years and that Ernest put a stop to it.

— A. Wallace Tryon



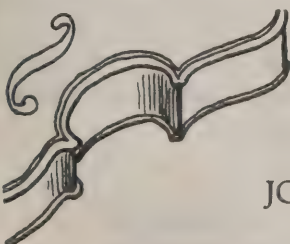
Frank J. Hart. Both the photo and poem were contributed by his niece, Eleanor Hart Kimberley

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### IN MEMORY OF FRANK J. HART

*It does not seem to me he can be gone —  
It seems so short — so short a time ago  
That he amused us children with his tales  
Of days and people that he used to know.  
With tales of old stage routes he used to follow  
And of the horses that he used to drive.  
Of days upon the tin-cart that he rode.  
And oh, it seems that he must be alive.  
He told of times he had to take the mail-bags,  
Upon his back, to travel through the snow —  
Of children riding to and from Great Barrington,  
When to the high school there they used to go.  
Now he is gone — is gone and oh, we miss him —  
The house seems oh, so empty and so bare,  
And those of us whom he has left behind him  
Are waiting till we meet him "Over There."*

— By his niece, Ruth Twing Miller.  
Monterey, Mass., April 15, 1929.



*Heaven Lies About Us*

It is said that when the Arabs discover that one of their young people is a poet they stop their wandering, make camp, prepare a great feast and celebrate their good fortune. This was how I felt when I heard that Evalyn Stafford had written a 400-page book about her childhood "on Swann Forest." Her father, Earle Foster Stafford, was made resident forester in 1921 and brought with him his wife Edith Lennox Arnold, their son, William, six, and their daughter, Evalyn, three. Gordon was born in 1924 and Shelton in 1927.

The four children grew up close to the forest and close to each other under the warm tutelage of unusually well-educated and sympathetic parents. They were taught at home in the early years and then attended, in various combinations, the Corashire School in Monterey, the Bryant School and Searles High School in Great Barrington. But it was in Swann Forest that Heaven lay about them as certain chapter headings in the book indicate: Forestry; Spring; God and Gardens; Trout Fishing; Work and Wild Animals; Camping; Lake Fishing; Winter Sports. They also made sorties into the outside world; Pittsfield; Movies and Music; Flights, Parties and Willow Farm; The Great Barrington Fair; Football; Arnolda; and Duxbury. This last is a lyric chapter about a vacation cottage at the seashore and the joys of sailing the family sloop.

After high school the children began to scatter to further education, various careers and travel, and Earle Stafford retired in 1942 for 34 additional years of unusual intellectual excursions, such as learning Latin and Greek and making his own translations, studying Native American culture, writing both poetry and prose, and sketching, photographing and painting. The children followed him to the West Coast and

ended up living in the West, but Swann Forest left its indelible mark on them all: they still own land here and still return on occasion.

The special quality of Evalyn's book is its perceptive and passionate appreciation of the natural and human world around us.

"In May came the voice of the whip-poor-will. What a thrilling sound it is, cracking the dusky silence with its whip-lash cry. Of all the voices of Nature, this is perhaps the most melancholy and haunting, bringing with it a deep poetic sense of sorrow and pain. All the loneliness and anguish of the human race seem captured in the whip-poor-will's wild call." (p. 76)

"In May also came the woodcocks. They nested in the meadows around our house, and I remember Mother's delight in them. From the ground they flew twittering into the sky—this was part of the male's mating call. Our eyes, looking sharp in the dusk, might just glimpse their shadowy forms settling to earth again, a stolid "beek!" from the grass reassuring us that we had indeed seen a woodcock go down. There is a world of spring bound up in the "beek" and twitter of the woodcocks—small, ungainly twilight poets." (p. 78).

The full title of the book is *Heaven Lies About Us: A Love Affair With Swann Forest (A Family Biography)*. It was written in a cabin in Maine in 1946-47 out of a need felt by the author to preserve for the family the vivid memories she had carried in her mind for some twenty years. When, forty years after that, Evalyn Stafford began to receive urgings from Monterey that a copy of the manuscript be deposited in our library, she revised, collated, illustrated with family photographs, and delivered a beautifully typed first copy into our hands.

— David P. McAllester



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## FERNWAY CAMP IN 1930

It was while Dad was landscaping the grounds of the summer home in Monterey of Dr. Nathaniel Ives that I went to Fernway Camp. . . . He kindly offered Dad a scholarship for me to attend Fernway, and for the month of August . . . when I was nine and ten, I became a camp girl. . . .

I lived in a cabin called Mohawk (they were all named for Indian tribes) with a group of girls a little older than myself. It was a barracks. There was no privacy, with rows of cots on both sides of the big room, one counselor to a cabin. We were all routed out early (six a.m., I think) for setting up exercises — then a dip in the lake was optional and unpopular. Breakfast in the big dining hall was followed by bedmaking and sweeping chores; a handicraft class; archery; swimming; and lunch. Rest period came next; some selected sport, such as tennis, hiking, etc.; swimming again, supper, rest period or group entertainment and bed. . . .

Though often briefly miserable over some slight or imagined slight from the other girls, I was not really unhappy, but I envied them their savoir faire and sophistication. We all wore a regulation costume — brown bloomers and middy blouses for every day; green bloomers with white middies for Sundays and holidays. But the others' opulence appeared in their small personal effects, and they bragged of their servants, limousines, and the high positions their fathers held. I was the only local girl. . . .

Our cabin counselor was delightful; a wholesome, sympathetic woman she was, bearing the wondrous name of Otteley Crowbar (Ottalie Krober). "Miss Otteley" was a big help as she was kind and warm with everyone.

During the summer I became acquainted with Dr. Abercrombie in action. It was compulsory to go to church in Monterey. We all piled into beach wagons and rode to town for three or four sermons during August. The feeling of virtue after each attendance in church was a new experience for me.

Eventually came the annual Big Event — the entertainment put on for parents at the end of the camp season, Labor Day weekend. This occasion was euphoniously known as the Fernway Frolic. The first performance I had a share in was a maypole dance. In white flimsy garments we were to flutter about the pole, carolling and winding our streamers in and out with our partners'.

For me it turned out to be a nightmare. Somehow I had no partner. Everyone else did, but to me none was vouchsafed. There was an odd number of girls in our group and I (naturally, I thought) was the leftover. I timidly called my partnerless condition to the attention of the counselor in charge of the performance, and she promised something would be done. But it wasn't, and I was too shy to bring the matter up again. That night after rehearsal I almost hoped my parents would be unable to come and thus not witness my disgrace. All the other girls were happy and excited, but for me there was no joy in Fernway.

We were supposed to be fairies in our gossamer white costumes with wings and short, stiff ballet skirts. A headband with curling white feelers was tied about the brow, and we each carried a wand with a star on top. Mother had worked hard over my costume and it was lovely.

I'll never forget that maypole dance. Blithely we were sup-

posed to trip about and in and out — a frolic indeed. On the green lawn in the dusky moonlight, it was going to be exquisite. I struggled to look as though I had a partner. I went through all the motions I could alone. I tried to make myself believe I had a partner. But it was no use. At best my light fantastic was more fantastic than the rest. I was sure that my plight was apparent to everyone, who would all be puzzled by my performance (as well they might be!). But I was soon comforted by my kindly parents who said it all looked good to them.

— Evalyn Stafford  
(from *Heaven Lies About Us:  
A Love Affair with Swann Forest*,  
see review in "Vox Ed," this issue)

## THE SOPRANO'S SOLO

It was a hot Sunday morning in July so all the windows in the little white Congregational Church were open. As was customary, Doctor Ives, proprietor of Fernway Camp for Girls, sat with his group of about 60 campers, who pretty well filled up the church. The small church choir was in good form, with their soprano soloist scheduled to sing the main anthem. This she did with such enthusiasm that one of the prominent flowers in the center front of her pretty hat went into violent action back and forth, convulsing all the till-then-quiet campers and their director.

— Ottalie K. Williams

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## WHO'S WHO IN MONTEREY

### Mark Amstead, Sabrina Chapin

Mark Amstead is one of the most talented craftsmen I know. From forestry to framing to finish carpentry, he works with the skill and expertise of someone at least twice his age — he'll be 23 this month. Besides his talent, he happens to be an all-around nice guy. I know, because I've had the pleasure of working with him on several projects.

Mark's parents are Don (our hard-working Highway Superintendent) and Patricia (a typesetter for Clawson Studios and the *Monterey News*). He's the eldest of five children: Keith is 21, Glen, 20, Scott, 17, and Jill, 14.

Mark graduated from Mt. Everett High School, then went to work for Ray Tryon Construction doing foundation work for three years. "It was a great job. I learned a lot because I worked with several older experienced guys who knew me since I was 'knee-high.' I really enjoyed working with them." Mark is a workaholic, "probably because I'm the oldest and my parents always expected a lot from me." Mark has also worked for electrician Charlie Boutellier and for the Trianos doing carpentry work. "I've always been around construction," Mark says. "My father taught me a lot; he deserves most of the credit."

Mark is nearing completion on a contemporary-style house he built on Route 23 here in Monterey along with long-time friend Sabrina Chapin.

Sabrina, 21, from Sheffield, has been a financial services representative at the Great Barrington Savings Bank for the past two and a half years. "I enjoy my job, the people I work with, and dealing with bank customers. I'll definitely pursue a banking career." Sabrina also plans to continue her education at Berkshire Community College. In addition to enjoying aerobics, softball, and soccer, Sabrina has been an instructor for seven years at Butternut Basin, working with children in the "Ski-Wee" program there.

The house that Mark and Sabrina have almost completed was begun in November of 1987. Mark did the construction and Sabrina did the designing and decorating. It's a beautiful home, sitting on seven acres of land, with a great view to the south. The house, Mark and Sabrina agree, "has turned out to be quite an extensive commitment, in terms of both time and money, but we're very happy with the end result."

Mark and Sabrina both prefer the country life, having experienced the more chaotic pace of city living. Says Mark, "Our families and friends are here — it's where we were brought up. It's a beautiful part of the country. And Monterey is a beautiful part of the Berkshires."

Currently, Mark has just finished building another home for Laffey Development Corp. He plans to continue working through the winter on his house before beginning other projects this spring. At the end of our interview he told me, "I'm going ice fishing tomorrow — I can't remember the last time I took a day off!"

Coming up in "Who's Who": A lot of interesting people; I'm always open to suggestions: 528-5829.

— Jim Laffey



Mark Amstead and Sabrina Chapin

## CONSERVATION COMMISSION NEWS

The Monterey Conservation Commission met January 12, 1989, for two public hearings and its regular monthly meeting. The public hearings consisted of a continuation on a hearing for a driveway plan on Mt. Hunger Road and landscaping work in a buffer zone near Stevens Lake. Both projects are within the buffer zone of brooks.

A "public hearing" is an information-gathering session which is required before the Commission can write an Order of Conditions for a project in a regulated area (wetland) or a buffer zone.

A "buffer zone" is the strip of land within 100 feet of a wetland. Anyone interested in more definitions and procedure should stop at the Town Secretary's office in the Grange and pick up the M.A.C.C. pamphlet on the Wetlands Protection Act.

The next Conservation Commission meeting will be Monday, February 13, at 7:30 p.m. in the basement of the Grange. The public is welcome.

— Bonner McAllester

## HAIKU

*A winter night stroll—  
bare branches reach for the moon—  
pines whisper softly.*

— Ann M. LaVallee



## E. KELLY JANES

E. Kelly Janes, 90, of Carrington-Batelle Road, died December 26 at the Timberlyn Heights Nursing Home in Great Barrington.

He worked in his younger years as compositor, reporter and sometimes editor on small-town weeklies in various sections of the country.

He was born on a farm near Homer, Michigan, on March 4, 1898, the son of Charles G. and Mary R. Oviatt Janes.

Before he moved to Monterey in the early 1950s, he was editor and publisher of Wayside Press in Colorado. He was a longtime writer of poetry and a member of the Poetry Society of America.

Mr. Janes was a member and onetime deacon of the Congregational Church.

His wife, the former Margery Mansfield, also a writer and poet, died in November 1984.

He leaves a sister, Josephine Hutchinson of California.



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## CALENDAR

*Wednesday, February 1*—Music Jam Session, Monterey United Church, 7:30 p.m. in the Church Social Room.

*Saturday, February 4*—Library Film Series, Buster Keaton in *The General*. 7:30 p.m. in the Library basement.

*Saturday, February 4*—Prayer Breakfast, 7:00 a.m. at the Howell-Andersen home on Beartown Mt. Road. All are welcome.

*Wednesday, February 8*—All-district informational meeting on the proposed new Sheffield Elementary School and District High School. Mt. Everett School Cafeteria, Berkshire School Road, Sheffield; 7:30 p.m.

*Wednesday, February 8*—No Community Supper: watch for March announcement.

*Saturday, February 11*—Square and Contra Dance, New England style, at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, 8:30—11:30 p.m. Beginners and children welcome. All dances taught by Joe Baker, caller; music by Mountain Laurel. Refreshments served. Adults, \$4, Children \$1, to dance until intermission. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

*Saturday, February 11*—Library Film Series: *Some Like It Hot*, with Marilyn Monroe, Jack Lemmon, and Tony Curtis, 7:30 p.m. in the Library basement.

*Sunday, February 12*—United Church worship moves back to the Sanctuary, 10:00 a.m.

*Wednesday, February 15*—Music Jam Session, Monterey United Church, 7:30 p.m. in the Church Social Room.

*Wednesday, February 15*—Special Town Meeting, 7:30 p.m. at the firehouse, for discussion and vote on renovations and new building at Mt. Everett School campus.

*Thursday, February 16*—Friends of Silence at the Howell-Andersen home on Beartown Mt. Road, 7:30 a.m. All are welcome.

*Saturday, February 25*—Square and Contra Dance New England Style: see announcement above for February 11. This program is for people who have done it before.



*Monterey*  
by Leonard Weber

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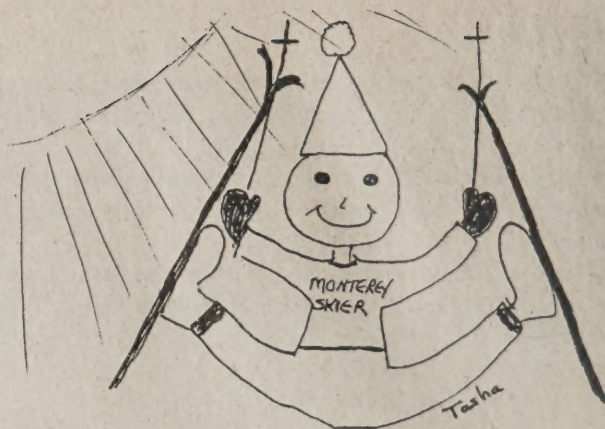
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### MONTEREY SKI DAY

Monterey Ski Day at Butternut Basin has been set for Friday, March 3. Full- and part-time residents are invited to ski at a discount price of \$20 for the day's lift ticket and to attend the apres-ski festivities on the upper lodge at 4:00. All who are considering attending should sign up at the Monterey General Store by March 1, or notify Dean Amidon, 528-1233, or Stephanie Grotz, 528-4519, by that date. Otherwise you will not be eligible for the discount and will have to pay the full \$30 ticket price!

We realize as of this writing that you do not see lots of white stuff out your windows, but there is plenty of it on the slopes, and the skiing has been wonderful. So, plan to join your friends and neighbors for a fun day at the mountain. See you there!

— Stephanie Grotz



### AD RATES

One-inch classified ads (1" x 3 3/8") .....	\$ 2.50
Two-inch business cards (2" x 3 3/8") .....	5.00
Three-inch ad (3" x 3 3/8") .....	7.50
Four-inch ad (4" x 3 3/8") .....	10.00

Back cover ads are double the above prices. No classifieds on the back cover. Copy should reach the editor by the 20th of the month before publication. In general, we cannot run letters more than one column in length.

Editor  
Business Manager  
Art Editor  
Personal Notes Editor  
Typesetters

Reporters

Layout and Design  
Sorting  
Mailing Labels

David P. McAllester  
Barbara Gauthier  
Bonner McAllester  
Stephanie Grotz  
Pat Amstead  
Eileen Clawson  
Ellen K. Pearson  
Jim Laffey  
Susan McAllester  
Stella Bodnar  
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Drawings by Chris Burkhart, Frank D'Amato, Natasha Grotz, Bonner McAllester, and Edith Wilson

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